

MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

VOLUME 1.

MEXICO, AUDRAIN COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1900.

NUMBER 19

News and Comment

Take care of the hens this spring. Keep the poultry house clean and the fowls healthy. It will pay.

The Vandalia Mail and Express says that H. P. Middleton will not be in the race for Sheriff this year.

Miss Mary Burks is home from Fairbury, Neb. Her numerous Mexico friends are glad to welcome her return.

Dr. Frank G. Tyrrell, of St. Louis, will deliver a lecture at the Mexico Christian church March 23, under the auspices of the Y.P.S.C.E.

The editor of the Review of Reviews, Wm. T. Stead, is a believer in the government ownership of public utilities. The coming issue, we tell you.

Corporal Button, with the regulars at Puerto Rico, sends a donation for the proposed monument in Mexico to the late Richard Mason. He was a comrade with the dead soldier in Company L.

The Prussian income tax returns for 1898-99 show an increase of \$250,000,000 over that of two years before. A like tax in this country—just think what America is losing because she is not getting it; yes, the poor make it up.

Apples are bringing from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per bushel in this county. They always bring a good price in this section. Plant an apple orchard, and then put the care upon the trees you would upon a garden to keep out the weeds, and you will soon find that corner of the farm paying you a hundred-fold.

Missouri and Kansas universities will hold their annual debate in May. The subject will be: "Resolved, that the Philippine islands should be retained as a permanent colonial possession by the United States." Missouri will be represented by Mercer Arnold, Clyde Williams and H. S. Conrad.

Manila has 400 to 500 more saloons under the management of Uncle Sam than she had under the old Spanish regime. They are getting a taste of our civilization as well as our liquor over there; we're giving them just what we have at home. Part of the plan of "Benignvolent Assimilation," don't you know.

Edinburg, Ind., a village of 2,000 inhabitants, owns an electric light plant and furnishes lights to dwellings for 15 per lamp per month. Business places pay 20c per light per month. The village also owns the water system and telephone line. Telephones cost 50 per month. Other examples are numerous. Why not Franklinville?—Franklinville (N. Y.) Journal.

Henry P. Cheever, who under the pen name of St. Slocum is famous as the author of many humorous sketches and stories for boys, and who was recently, at 73 years of age, committed to the workhouse as a pauper by a New York police magistrate, thinks that all men over the age of 50 who are not provided for and are liable to become a charge on the public should be put to death by the government. Mr. Cheever is a war veteran, and was provost marshal in Washington during the years 1863-65.—Philadelphia Times.

From Kansas.

A good friend at Montana, Kan., writes the MESSAGE as follows: "We greatly appreciate your good paper. We do not usually see in a county paper much but county news, but in yours there is always something worth reading, talking about and remembering. Best of all to me it speaks of the Right and the cause of humanity. Amen! May your shadow never grow less and your subscription roll as long as you wish."

At Holliday, Mo., the people are so quiet and peaceable they have turned their saloon into a granary.

When a woman tries to explain how she came to a conclusion it reminds you of a tadpole explaining why its tail fell off.

The Clifton Hill Rustler man always has his eyes open. He says: When you go a courting pull down the blinds; love may be blind, but the neighbors are not.

A saloonkeeper named Horn died in New York the other day. The Paris Appeal wickedly observes that death not only loves a shining mark, but he sometimes takes a Horn.

One of the Declarations of the national Democratic platform will be in favor of an American Nicaragua canal, to be built by the United States without the aid or consent of any other nation.

Judge Guy McCune thinks the new road law will be amended by the next Legislature so as to allow the Commissioners per diem pay for time lost. Like the Judge, we think it would be but just.

The Paris Mercury says: James Crawford, of Young's Creek, who beyond being an old bachelor, is one of the best fellows in Audrain County, was the guest of his brother in this city the first of the week.

The Republican party has allowed Great Britain to dictate our financial policy, to open Uncle Sam's official mail and is now dictating details as to our building the Nicaragua canal. That's a bigger surrender than our forefathers would have consented to a hundred years ago.

The Monroe Democrat speaks plainly thus: James M. Bondware has traded for the Spencer & Finney stock of groceries under the opera house. A business concern that will not advertise will sooner or later be for sale or trade. At least that has been the history of commercial ventures in this city.

Frank B. Callaway, the St. Louis wife murderer, cheated the gallows last Thursday night by taking poison. How he got the poison is not known. He was to have been hung Monday. He often boasted that he would never die on the scaffold; he would find a way to end his life.

At Warrensburg last week the jury in the case of A. P. Bowring against Wabash Railway Company for \$1,500 damages for the loss of a hog, brought in a verdict giving the plaintiff \$225. The case was known as the "educated hog" case and had been tried five times. Six attorneys were employed in the case.

A county in Ohio has a lady road supervisor, and she ordered all the hills in her district to be cut low-necked and scalloped at the foot, and valleys gathered in, the creek hemmed, all the culverts cut bias, double rows of tuks run around the skirts of the hill, the bottom to be ruffled and the hill-sides to be embroidered with daisies and fringed with golden rod.

The Shelbyville Democrat makes this plain and pointed observation: "Men are like hogs, however distasteful to any sound to hogs. When a hog gets an ear of corn, every other hog will trot along behind him and squeal and whine and toady him for a bite, but let the front hog get caught with his head fast in a crack, and every other hog will jump on him and tear him to pieces. That's so with men. As long as a man is prosperous and has money, he can't keep friends off with a bad hat; but the moment he is un-fortunate and his wealth gone, he is not only snubbed by his former friends, but they at once begin to do him all the harm possible. When a man starts down the grade, the world steps aside and greases the track."

HARDIN RECITAL.

The Students Give a Pleasing Entertainment.

Last Friday evening Hardin College favored the public with another of its excellent recitals. Students of vocal expression and of voice culture rendered a most entertaining program.

The first number on the program, "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," from Rudyard Kipling, was delivered by Miss Annie Lewis in such a worthy manner as to reflect much credit on the fair speaker.

Miss Jean Wallace threw her charming personality into a selection from Wiggins' "A Cathedral Courtship." Miss Jean looked the character. Miss Catherine, and some hearts in the audience went pitapat with a desire to be Mr. Jack Copely.

Miss Lady Antone followed with a song, "Sweet September," in a voice as soft and sweet as the balmy air about which she sang. She responded to an encore with the touching song, "Without Thee."

"How Salvator Won" was delivered by Miss Lena Lampe in a most realistic manner. Her characterization of Cleopatra in the Shakespearean conference very fine also. Evidently, from the soul and energy which Miss Lena puts into her renditions, she will always be among the "winners."

Miss Lucy Clark's personation of "The Bewildered President" was one of the best efforts of the evening. She manifested her marked ability in her contrast of the bewildered president and the self-possessed president problem, as she did also in the Shakespearean character of Shylock.

Miss Alice Simpson delighted the audience with sweet simplicity and refreshing naturalness in the recital of the selection, "The Bishop and the Caterpillar."

Hahn's "Were My Song With Wings Provided" was artistically given by Miss Myra Davis. She also responded to an encore in a fascinating manner. She was accompanied by Miss Flora Davis, who afterward favored the audience with the song "Villanelle" in the most charming manner with her well trained voice.

Miss Nell Davis gave Von Wagner's "Skating Contest" in a most realistic and interesting style. The monolog by Miss Mamie White was most charmingly executed, also.

The characters in the Shakespearean farce were well selected and the participants showed marked ability. Miss May Hopp as Romeo was thoroughly up-to-date. Desdemona, Miss Margaret Bonham, made some timely hits. Hamlet, Miss Josephine Hackney, was well done, as was Lady Macbeth by Miss Emma Balder.

The closing tableaux by Misses Daniels, Uterbacher, Smith, Owen and Smock was so well done that the audience left wishing for more.

Hardin is a great institution, and well merits the patronage and consideration which it receives.

Kansas is going to furnish the farmers cheap binding twine. What will the trust say to that?

The Nebraska Supreme Court says that trading in futures is gambling. Proper conclusion exactly, seems to us.

Flying Fox, the English racer, sold for \$196,000 the other day. That's pretty near a kingdom for a horse.

And now the scientists are proposing to make the dumb speak. It is said that the deaf-mute will soon be a thing of the past.

Advertising now and then of course is beneficial. But advertising all the time bespeaks a mind judicial. The truest, surest, quickest way to make a great success, is by advertising every day.—The public does the rest.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MILLET'S WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTING.)

BY EDWIN MARSHALL.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burdens of the world,
Who made him dead to rapture and despair—
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes—
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal brow?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of hell, to its last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with curse of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents of the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Ptolemy?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop.
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God—
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape—
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality,
Make right the innumerable infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brave question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Oakland, California.

"Pharaoh Corn."

MONROE CITY, Mo., March 7.—Jas. Berry, of Reels county, near Salt River, has brought to the city two ears of corn that he calls "Pharaoh corn," and claims that the original seed came from the Egyptian pyramids. The ears average ten inches in length and have sixteen rows of seed on the cob. The grain is solid, of normal size, of a rich golden-brown color and looks like an ordinary ear of green Indian corn that had been roasted to eat on the cob. He raised a small patch of it on bottom land and said it yielded 50 bushels per acre. He claims that as a flesh producer it is superior to the American corn because it is more easily masticated and more thoroughly digested by hogs, cattle and horses, but is not a good meal corn for the reason that it is not flinty enough to grind well or separate the bran from. Next season Mr. Berry will increase the acreage of his new found pet, for he thinks it a great stock food.

Repented Her Marriage.

The following dispatch, of a few days ago, from Paris, Texas, will interest Missions:

Mrs. M. A. Sampson, of St. Joseph, Mo., advertised in a matrimonial journal for a husband. David Dozier, a wealthy farmer of this county, answered. They exchanged letters and she came here last Friday by appointment to marry him. He was 65 years old and unattractive. She was 40, handsome and refined. When they met she flatly refused to marry him, but finally consented. County Judge Hodges performed the ceremony. After reaching the groom's farm, 15 miles north of Paris, she refused to assume the conjugal relations, declaring she had been deceived. He offered to deed her absolute title to a third interest in a fine river farm of 1,000 acres and to build her a handsome residence. She remained unrelenting. He brought her to Paris today and she left for St. Joseph. The farmer immediately instituted divorce proceedings.

Wallace vs. McKinley.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," dips in politics occasionally. He condemns President McKinley for his action regarding the Puerto Rico tariff bill. He says: "When the President recommended free trade with Puerto Rico, that was William McKinley speaking from his heart; when he urged Congressmen to cut their utterances and vote for a duty on the industries of the island, going and coming, that was Mark Hanna, the great Ohio suspect. It is not pleasant to think of the President exerting himself to control the action of an independent branch of government. What will stop him next, from interfering with Judges of the Supreme Court?"

Phil Outenberry and Bob Smiley, of South Fork, and, by-the-way, two of the best fellows on earth, were in Paris Monday, transacting business. It is always a pleasure to us to meet these two men, because they are always in a good humor, and if one had the time he could not be with them ten minutes until the blue devils had left him.—Paris Appeal.

Centrales (Courier): Centrales will remember that about two years ago some sneak thief entered the residence of E. J. Brown in this city, and among other things, stole a handsome gold medal belonging to Mr. Brown's daughter, Miss Blanche, now Mrs. Garrett, of Savannah, Mo. Last week Mrs. Garrett received a letter from a jeweler by the name of W. C. Morrison at West Unity, Ohio, stating that it had come into his possession. Mrs. Garrett was awarded the medal in Art while in school at Fayette, and the jeweler, seeing the name of the school on the medal, wrote to that place and secured her present address. The tramp who stole the medal doubtless pawned the medal with the Ohio jeweler. Centrales are pleased to know that Mrs. Garrett is to get possession of her medal again, as she prized it very highly.

HELEN'S LUNATIC.

Helen Lucy went to Elgin—not because she was insane, but because she had a second cousin who was. Elgin is a beautiful town, but its street car service is not good, and Helen walked through the village up to the pleasant park with which the street has surrounded the asylum for the insane. It is a walk of considerable length from the gate of the grounds to the building, and Helen was to encounter a melancholy sight. As she went along the serpentine path a procession came toward her. There must have been a hundred men in it and they moved slowly and most of them walked with bowed heads. Their feet appeared to press the earth heavily. At first Helen thought it must be a funeral procession, but a moment later she perceived that it was something more distressing. It was the walk of those who had survived their own death. In other words, it was a body of insane patients, exercising the bodies that held their perished mind. Helen shrank aside and stood fascinated while they passed her. Some of them looked at her curiously, or with lack luster gaze, or wistfully. A sudden appreciation of her own youth and health and sanity came over her and made her all the more pitiful toward these unfortunate.

The procession had passed, and she was about resuming her way to the hospital, when one of the men quitted the ranks and walked hurriedly toward her. None of the rest looked around. The attendant had not noticed his desertion, and his reappearance on the ward made no sound. He came with a rapid, gliding step toward Helen, showing his teeth in a broad smile. Helen decided that however important his intentions might be at least he was in good humor. This was comforting, but it did not keep her hands from turning cold with nervous dread.

As he approached he lifted his hat with a courtly air. It was evident that the poor wretch had once been a gentleman, but even the most gentlemanly of lunatics was not a companion to choose, and Helen moved toward a low blue bush. She felt that she was white and that her eyes were wide-stretched, but she tried not to show her alarm. Confidence, she had always heard, was needed in dealing with the insane. The man moved more cautiously and fixed an undeviating gaze upon Helen.

"Madam," said the man in a peculiarly quiet voice, "it is a pleasant morning."

Something in the words suggested a room in "Paradise" to Helen, and she brought herself to an experiment. She would soon determine whether or not the man had a grain of reason.

"Is it?" she asked, turning her eyes to the sky. "Why, indeed, I thought it was raining."

The man had a look in his face akin to pity. "Indeed, you are right," he replied, gently. "It may be raining. It is not always possible for me to tell except when I see people carrying their umbrellas."

"Sensory nerves will obtain," thought Helen. "I have heard it in connection with degeneration." The man moved a little nearer, and Helen ventured to go still further toward the blue bush. He stopped still, and they faced each other over the low shrubbery. "What an agreeable looking creature he was with his soft brown eyes, his long, delicate face, and his high brow. He looked as if he might have been intended for a poet. Probably he had been, but had some one seen further, Helen had not read him for a madman."

"Do you ever write poetry?" she asked with genuine curiosity.

The man blushed. Helen had not dreamed a lunatic would blush.

HE MOVED A LITTLE NEARER.

"When I find a thing sublime," he confessed.

"Ah! And what should you consider a thing sublime?"

"Why, you?" The words came out explosively. They did not seem to be meant for a compliment. The man spoke pathetically. It seemed as if there were tears in his eyes. Helen answered as if he were a child.

"Do I mean so and be you?" she asked. "Does it make the tears come in your eyes to look at me, poor man?"

"Indeed it does," he replied quite simply. "I think you are the greatest thing I ever saw."

"I wouldn't die for anything," Helen explained. "I like to live. I find plenty of things to be happy at." And to convince his wandering wife that she was the truth she broke into a merry laugh which astonished the madman's spirit of the place.

"If I give you my hand," said the man, "will you not walk back with me to the house?"

To take his hand, to let him get a hold upon her! It was simply too much for her. She moved toward him. They seemed nothing for it but to run when she did, speeding over the soft lawn with a rapidity that astonished herself, she could hear him calling to her, but she

sped on, till, finally, a hysterical impulse, born of her fright and fatigue, took hold of her. She began to laugh again, and the musical, half-weeping laughter floated behind her as she fled. Then, breathless, she stumbled in a ground mole's tunnel and fell flat. She braced her knee in the grass and waited, her heart pounding with the stress of her work. A second later two arms were about her and she was lifted to her feet. She faced the lunatic. They were of a height and they stood looking at each other, both of them pale and trembling, his arm still supporting her.

"Poor child," he murmured, "how sorry I am that I frightened you. Perhaps I ought not to have run after you. But I was afraid you would leave the grounds and come to some harm."

She would have liked to have explained to him that one need not come to harm outside of their grounds, but perhaps it was as well that he thought otherwise. She would tell him the truth about herself. Perhaps he would understand. Ah, what a pity that such an engaging face should hide a ruined mind!

"You must try to understand," she said slowly, "that I do not live here in the hospital. I am here for the first time. I have not yet been up to the building, you know. I came to visit a relative who is here. It seems a pleasant place. Have you been here long?"

"My dear young lady!" cried he, "I also am a visitor. I also came to visit an acquaintance, with whom I was walking a moment since. I approached you to ask if you knew when the next train went to town, but when I addressed you I judged from your reply that you were one of the inmates."

Helen sank gently down on the grass. "I think I must rest a moment," said she. "I am much surprised." Her tone indicated something more than surprise. It confessed to a great relief. She said her visit to the asylum, and she and Victor Law, her lunatic, went back on the same train together. To both of them the afternoon seemed the most interesting in their lives.

"Why were there tears in your eyes?" she asked before they parted, "when you talked with me at first?"

"Why, it seemed to me that I had never encountered anything so sad as a shattered mind behind eyes so—please, pardon me—so beautiful as yours. I know I am rude, but I must speak the truth. If you had been mad, I should have remembered you with sorrow all the days of my life."

"Being sane, I suppose you will forget me."

But she knew well that he would not give himself the opportunity. She was quite certain that she should see him often. It would have been a grotesque anti-climax not to have met again after that afternoon.

A PLAGUE-STRIKEN CITY.

Graphic Picture of Bombay by Prince Dujardin.

A distinguished foreigner, Prince Dujardin, a man conversant with the city of Bombay during the last terrible plague, has written a graphic picture of the city during the plague. The streets were silent. In the houses there was no shouting of voices, no bargaining. A few people would stand about the stalls and examine the goods, but the seller never seemed to care. It is afternoon. Suddenly there is a clatter of tom-toms and rattling of castanets. A Hindu funeral is passing by. The dead lay stretched on a bier, his face pointed and horrible, with dreadful scarlet cheeks covered with wreaths of jasmine and roses. A man walks before the corpse, carrying a jar of burning charcoal to light the funeral pile.

A Mohammedan funeral is now. The body was in a coffin, covered with red stuff sparkling with gold threads. The bearers and mourners chanted an almost cheerful measure as they marched very slowly to the burial ground by the seaside, where the dead rest under spreading banyans and flowering jasmines. Then a Parsee woman stopped my servant to ask if I were a doctor. "A doctor? I cannot say," replied Albulia, "but the sick know many things." The woman's eyes attended me. Would I not come? It would comfort the sick man and help him, perhaps to die easily. If the gods would not spare him. At the door of the house the sick man's wife was weeping a white robe in which he would be dressed for the grave on the morrow. The nearest relative of the dying must always wash his garment, and the woman, knowing that her husband had the plague, and was doomed, was required by ritual to prepare for the burial while her husband was yet living. The face wore a look of hope and fearless resignation that terrified me. The plague-stricken man lay on a low bed, struggling with anguish. Large drops of sweat stood out on his face, his throat was wrapped in wet bandages, and he spoke with difficulty, as in a dream. "The plague, sahib?" "Water, air?" Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep at once, and no word he spoke till the end.—Philadelphia Call.

Mexican Water Works Beneath Lava. Discoveries have recently been made in the lava beds of New Mexico which throw a new light on the very complete systems of reservoirs, and irrigation viaducts which are employed by the ancient inhabitants of that part of the country. Under the lava which covers hundreds of square miles are found traces of cemented ditches and reservoirs that are marvels of civil engineering. Ditches wound in and out at the base of the mountain ranges in such a manner as to catch all the storm water before it was absorbed by the loose sand at the mountain's base. Reservoirs at convenient places stored the water, which was led in cemented points where it was required. Chasms were crossed by viaducts.

